

THE
LADIES'

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JUNE, 1815.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

MRS. A B I N G T O N.

THE conciseness with which the present memoir must be written is not the effect of indifference, or negligence. The difficulty of procuring biographical information is much greater than would commonly be conceived; of even the distinguished members of the Thespian band, we are very rarely able to learn more than where they first made their appearance, their subsequent celebrity, and the theatres in which they have performed. Whether the idea of the *waggon* and the *lees of wine* cannot be eradicated from the minds of some, it is not our business to determine; but this we do know, that to discover the birth-place, parentage, and education, of Homer would be as easy a task to us as to find out those of some of our modern votaries of the sock and buskin.

Mrs. Abington's maiden name was *Barton*: she made her first appearance on the stage, in 1752, at the Haymarket Theatre; which was then open by the permission of the Lord Chamberlain, under the management of Theophilus Cibber. Her success, tho' scarcely seventeen years

of age, was adequate to the most sanguine expectations of her friends. She was afterwards engaged for the Bath Theatre. She next performed at Richmond; where she was seen by Mr. Lacey, one of the patentees of Old Drury, who immediately engaged her for that Theatre. Her first character there was Lady Pliant (Double Dealer); in which she was received with unbounded applause. At this time, she married Mr. Abington; and deeming her present situation by no means advantageous, she engaged with Messrs. Barry and Woodward, who had opened a theatre in Dublin. She performed at both theatres in Dublin; and such was the fame she acquired, that her return to London was courted by Mr. Garrick on terms which were then considered extravagant. These proposals were accepted on Mr. Garrick's return from his continental excursion; and her first character this season was the Widow Belmour, in *The Way to Keep Him*. From this time to 1782, she performed most of the leading characters.

A disagreement having taken place between her and the proprietors of Drury-Lane; she accepted of very liberal terms from Mr. Harris, and from the season of 1782-3, continued for several years at Covent-Garden. In 1786, she performed the part of Lemb, in the *Beaux Stratagem*, for her benefit. This was an evident attempt to draw money; but her friends regretted that her abilities were so prostituted. Having quitted the London boards, she performed only occasionally on the stage; but in 1797-8, resumed her situation at Covent-Garden. Her last performance in public was for the benefit of Mr. Pope, 1799, in *Lady Rackett*; and May 31st, she represented *Lady Fanciful* at Brandenburgh House; *Lady Brute* by the Margravine of Anspach, and *Belinda*, Miss Berkley. Mrs. Abington's later performances were by no means equal to her early ones.

THE GOSSIPER. No. V.

Vive memor lethi; fugit hora.

PERSIUS.

While time permits,—be mindful of your end.

WE need only to look around us in the world to be convinced how urgent and important is the language of my motto. Those of us advanced in years are aware that many who began with us the career of life are now gone to "that undiscover'd country from whose bourne no traveller returns." We daily lament the loss of those whose affection and society rendered life valuable to us; those whom we doated on, perhaps too fondly, are torn from our arms to an early grave. We see the inevitable scythe of death sparing neither the rich nor the poor; neither the old nor the young; neither the virtuous nor the vicious. There is scarce a day that passes over our heads that does not act like the monitor of Philip, and say "Remember that thou art mortal." The funeral bell, so frequently sounding in our ears, would, if we were inclined to reflect, inform us that our duration on this earthly scene is not permanent. There are too few, it is to be feared, on whom this melancholy memento produces its proper effect. The man engaged in the business and pleasures of the world is but too much inclined to defer a reflection of this nature, and say with Felix, "When I have a more convenient season, I will call for thee." The man devoted to sensuality, or ambition, can only view death as prepared to strip him of his riches, his luxuries, or his honors; he can only feel that he will be summoned to exchange his spacious and splendid apartments for the cold and narrow confines of the grave. To him, death appears as a King of Terrors, and his dominion the dominion of terror and suffering. The worm that never dies and the fire unquenchable are

ever associated with his idea of this dread monarch and his kingdom.

To the virtuous Christian, however, this subject appears in a very different light. He is sensible that he has here no abiding city, he is aware that a moral and religious life alone can deprive death of its sting, and the grave of its victory. He can say with the Roman poet

“ Non omnis moriar : multaque pars mei
“ Vitabit Libitinam.”

He employs the time allotted him in deeds which, tho' not celebrated by the trump of Fame, or marked in letters of blood on the page of history, will live when the head that counselled, the heart that commiserated, and the hand that relieved, are cold in the tomb.

I was lately present at the closing scene of a life thus spent in the ways of Religion and Virtue. Stretched on the bed of death, I beheld the venerable character surrounded by a large circle of his children and his friends. Resignation and hope seemed painted on his visage ; I thought of Addison, and could almost imagine I heard him say “ See how a Christian can die.” Faintness, however, prevented him from speaking, but his looks, his gestures, spoke volumes ; and I am persuaded there was no one present who did not depart a better Christian and a better man. Before he breathed his last, he gave us a look which seemed to bid us “ farewell !” and then casting his eyes up to heaven, expired. Could he have spoken, one might fancy he would have said, with Pope,

Vital spark of heav'nly flame !
Quit, oh ! quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying ;
Oh ! the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature ! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper, angels say—
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

THE OPPOSITE OFFICES OF A JUDGE AND PLEADER.

On all trials in a court of justice, the judge and advocate assume opposite characters. The judge strives to discover the truth; the pleader to conceal or disfigure it. The judge keeps the medium, which is the point of equity; the pleader searches out the extremes. The judge must be rigid, austere, and inflexible; the advocate supple and accommodating; complying with the inclinations of his client, and entering into his interests. The judge should be steady, uniform, and unvariable; pursuing ever one direct line; the pleader adopts every mode of proceeding. The judge must divest himself of the influence of his passions; the advocate endeavours to excite those of his audience, and appears to sympathize with the feelings of his client. The judge should hold his scales in the same straight lines, and preserve the equilibrium; the advocate flings a weight into one scale, and destroys the balance. The judge holds a sword in his hand; the pleader endeavours to wrest it from him.

THE WIFE AND THE FRIEND;
OR,
THE RARE EXAMPLE.

(Concluded from page 287.)

" You have kept me waiting, Mr. Ormville," said the lady, somewhat pettishly. " Is this your usual gallant practice when a lady solicits an interview?" " I never was so honoured before, Madam," replied Ormville; " therefore I trust my ignorance of etiquette upon such occasions will plead my excuse." " Poor novice! but I shall not let you off with such a lame apology; in fact you are so much my debtor, that I shall tax your gratitude as well as your politeness." " On what account am I your ladyship's debtor?" " I trust you are not so shabby as to plead ignorance; you must know, Ormville, that you are indebted to me for a considerable share of condescension; and, must I add, for a preference which by others would be highly valued,—for a sentiment more tender than I have ever yet experienced"——she paused. " If it affords you any gratification to banter me, madam," replied Ormville, " I have the pleasure of assuring you that in this instance my politeness will stand the test." " Nay, Ormville, you have too much sense to take this for banter." " I cannot consider it any thing else, Madam." " Then what brought you here?" " Your ladyship's request; command, I should say." " Upon my word, Ormville," replied Lady T——, laughing, " you are either unconquerably stupid, or insufferably conceited." " I am content to be reckoned either, so long as it contributes to your Ladyship's amusement." " Come, come, Ormville, you willfully misunderstand me; I have not been accustomed to make advances to your sex; and

it detracts much from my estimation of you that I should be compelled to do so now; but tell me, does your heart acknowledge my claim?" "If called upon seriously, seriously I will answer, My heart has as yet acknowledged the claim but of one woman in the world." "And that woman," hastily rejoined Lady T—— "is ——" "My wife!" "Your wife! ridiculous, obsolete; why all the world knows you care as little for her as she for you." Juliana grasped the hand of Devereux.—"Collect yourself," said he, "let us hear his answer." "Oh!" replied Ormville, "if she did but love me as exclusively, as devotedly as I do her, I should be the happiest of men." "Then you have your doubts," observed Lady T—— with a sneer. "Well, really I thought you, like my good Lord, both deaf and blind; though to be sure, he, like many others, only pops his eyes and ears into his pocket. But I came not here to be entertained with your marvellous love of your wife, whether real, or pretended; for, *entre nous*, you have a strange way of shewing it, so, if you cannot find a more interesting subject, we may as well walk; my carriage is at the gate." "As from some words that have been dropped, I am fearful that your Ladyship may misunderstand me," replied Ormville, "permit me a few moments longer to explain myself. As I have been honoured with the friendship of Lord T——, though ignorant of the *convenient* faculty your Ladyship is pleased to ascribe to him, I would willingly *respect* his wife as much as she is *admired* by others; I have already declared the state of my affections; and I must presume to add that any insinuation to the disadvantage of that one beloved object will be treated by me with the contempt it deserves; while I shall make it my study to act with the same conscientious rectitude as I am well convinced that friend does on whom the lovers of detraction may choose to affix the stigma of fashionable depravity. Happy would it be for every married woman, if their husbands possessed such a friend as Devereux."

Lady T—— was too much provoked to answer. Ormville attempted not to soothe her, but silently walked by her side, till she reached the garden-gate; then bowing respectfully, wished her Ladyship a good evening. Devereux and Juliana emerged from their hiding-place; the former with a look of exultation, the latter with an air of deeply felt humiliation. Juliana first broke the thoughtful silence into which both seemed plunged. "What a strange interview!" "What a matchless husband!" rejoined Devereux. "And how little do I deserve him!" exclaimed Mrs. Ormville. "Say not so, madam; it is in your power, you are now convinced, to bless and be blest; and, as a faithful friend, permit me to advise you. I will not deceive you by pretending that I have not read what has lately been passing in your mind; but I was well aware that such dangerous sentiments were the result of a fancied superiority on my side; from this delusion, I have succeeded in awakening you. Had you fallen into unprincipled hands, reflect, dear Juliana, what a dreadful fate must have been yours! How wretched, how unworthy of the exalted being who has the felicity of calling you his! But your eyes are opened; you will, you must love him as he deserves; renounce the idle pursuits of fashionable life; seek domestic happiness; and you will find it; and consider me as the faithful friend of the best of men: when a blooming family enlivens your happy home, you will recall this lesson to your memory with delight; and thank heaven, that by means of it you were preserved from becoming such a despicable character as Lady T——."

Juliana was indeed sensibly struck with the folly and weakness into which her own inconsiderateness had been gradually leading her; and as she listened to this mild, but energetic reproof from Devereux, she dissolved into tears. Devereux was himself deeply affected; and with the tenderness of a brother, he endeavoured to comfort and re-assure her; at length he succeeded; she returned home;

buried what had passed in her own bosom; but, profiting by the lesson, became the admiring, tender, and affectionate wife of the best of men; while he, conscious that to his own mistaken indulgence might be ascribed any venial error of his beloved Juliana, relinquished his graver studies, enjoyed the pleasures of the world with moderation, and, by an obliging compliance with the inclinations of his wife in those trifles which frequently please even persons of no mean understanding, left her no wish to seek amusement out of his society. Upon the death of Mr. Devereux's father, that excellent young man married a young lady of great merit, but small fortune, to whom he had been long secretly attached. It was then, and not till then, that Juliana acknowledged to her husband the obligations they were both under to that inestimable friend; and a union of the strictest amity was cemented between the families.

THE ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PROSE AND VERSE.

Among the distinctions between prose and verse, there is an essential one, which has not been sufficiently and particularly remarked, but admitted to be true in the gross, and without detail. It is this: Verse is subjected to rigid rules, in regard to quantity, measure, harmony, and rhyme; but allowed great liberty with respect to expression and figures of speech. Poetic licenses are in their nature bold and above rule, and are yet considered as proper ornaments in poetic composition. Prose, on the other side, is free in the use of letters, syllables, and words; and is not restrained by measure, or subject to the judgement of the ear. But the sentiments it expresses, and the terms in which they are conveyed, are under the controul of rules. Though the style of prose is so far unfettered, yet should it preserve a calm and moderated tenor; and carry with it proofs of that kind of merit which is consequently produced by order and arrangement.

LITERARY HOURS. No. IV.

“ *Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis
“ Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.*”

HOR.

*On the RISE and PROGRESS of DRAMATIC POETRY
and REPRESENTATIONS in ENGLAND.*

(Concluded from page 240.)

Non nōrunt hæc monumenta mori.

MARTIAL.

Works such as these will live in deathless fame.

THE works of our earlier Dramatic Poets (Shakspeare excepted) are in the present day pretty much consigned to the “ *thus et odores.*” Our modern delicacy will not now allow us to tolerate the buffoonery of the clown, and our boasted refinement forbids us to be affected with the most natural and spirited sentiments, because they are not expressed in the sweet *namby pamby* phrase of the nineteenth century. No, we must have nothing that is harsh; it must be all *piano*; we prefer a dull levelling morality; we go to the theatre to be complimented on our benevolence. That delightful infantile goodness, and that excessive liberality of sentiment (tho' the former is little better than hypocrisy, and the latter than senseless facility of mind), are entirely inconsistent with the vigorous passions and virtues with which the old writers present us. Not that we are a whit more virtuous in many points than our forefathers; but we are a great deal more hypocritical; our vices are not the vices of a manly, chivalrous character; in our days, as Juvenal expresses it,

“ *Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbrâ,
“ Cum sit triste habitu, vultuque et veste severum.*”

or according to Horace,

" *Introrsus turpem, speciosum pelle decorâ.*"

Much of the tameness in our present Dramatic compositions arises from adhering (*à la Sangrado*) to the following advice of the admirable author of the *Ars Poetica*—

“ *Non tamen intus*
Digna geri, promes in scenam : multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet :
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus :
Aut in avem Progne vertatur : Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.”

The old dramatists thought very properly that

“ *Segnus irritant animos demissa per aurem*
“ *Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*”

They bring us actually into the scene of woe; we see distress not as the adjunct of some virtue, to be relieved, and consequently calculated to convey a self-satisfaction to the spectator. The fact is that dame nature is so tricked out in the present day, that those who knew her two or three centuries ago would stand little chance of recognizing her *bedecked with French flowers*, and *bedizened with German spangles*, all of which we think *mightily becoming* to her.

So much for our opinion on the antient and present state of the Drama;—but, to tell the truth, we begin to anticipate an exclamation of displeasure from some of our readers who are not like us, “ *laudatores temporis acti*;” and we almost imagine we hear them say with the magnanimous King in the Farce—

“ *With so much wine, we think it fit*
“ *Just now to eat a little bit.*”

Among the most distinguished Dramatic Poets who lived *about* the time of Shakspeare, may be selected the

names of Marlowe, Cooke, Decker, Chapman, Heywood, Ford, Daniel, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Massinger. We regret that our limits will not permit us to enter into their respective merits, or even to transcribe a scene or two from their best plays; we will endeavour to cull a small bouquet from a garden where

" Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
" And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

And beg leave to refer our readers to the *Biographia Dramatica*, *Dodsley's* and *Hawkins's* collections of old plays, and the works of *Massinger*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, and *Jonson*.

Green's *Tu Quoque*, or the City Gallant Com. by John Cooke, 4to. 1599, acted with great applause. Vide Biog. Dram. in loco.

Men more niggardly of their love than women.
" Thrice happy days they were, and too soon gone,
When as the heart was coupled with the tongue,
And no deceitful flattery, or guile,
Hung on the lover's *tear-commixed* smile.
Could women learn but that imperiousness,
By which men use to stint our happiness
(When they have purchas'd us for to be theirs
By customary sighs and forced tears),
To give us bits of kindness, lest we faint,
But no abundance; that we ever want,
And still are begging; which too well they know
Endears affection, and doth make it grow;
Had we those sleights, how happy were we then
That we might glory over love-sick men!
But arts we know not, nor have any skill
To feign a sour look to a pleasing will;
Nor couch a secret love in show of hate;
But, if we like, must be compassionate."

THE HAPPY MAN.

“ He that makes gold his wife, but not his whore,
He that at noon-day walks by a prison door,
He that in the sun is neither beam nor moat,
He that's not mad after a petticoat,
He for whom poor men's curses dig no grave,
He that is neither lord's, nor lawyer's slave,
He that makes this his sea and that his shore,
He that in 's coffin is richer than before,
He that counts youth his sword and age his staff,
He whose right hand carves his own epitaph,
He that upon his death-bed is a swan,
And dead, no crow,—he is a happy man.”

Hymen's Triumph. Pastoral tragi-com. by Samuel Daniel, 4to. 1623. This piece is introduced by a very pretty prologue, in which *Hymen* is opposed by *Avarice*, *Envie*, and *Jealousy*, the three greatest disturbers of matrimonial happiness.

Vide Biog. Dram. in loco.

LOVE IN INFANCY.

“ Ah ! I remember (and how can I
But evermore remember well!) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt ; when as we sat, and sigh'd,
And look'd upon each other, and conceiv'd
Not what we ail'd, yet something we did ail ;
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look ; and thus,
In that first garden of our simpleness,
We spent our childhood ; but when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge ; ah ! how then
Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardness !
Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show
What she would have me, yet not have me, know.”

The reader of *Rokey* will remember a passage (by the way the best in the poem) very similar to this, describing the love of Matilda and Redmond.

We are now obliged (tho' very reluctantly) to close our present number, and to our kind readers who have accompanied us thus far, we can only say "Valete et plaudite, Terence."

(*To be continued.*)

THE ORDER OF CARTHUSIANS.

To a love of scenery and retirement the Carthusians owe the origin of their order.—Two brothers, natives of Genoa, were early in life, wedded to the naval profession. After many voyages, which occupied as many years, the one wrote from Genoa to his brother, at Marseilles, to solicit his return to his native town.—Receiving no answer to his affectionate letter, he undertook a journey to enquire into the motives of his brother's silence.—"I am weary of commerce and navigation," said his brother, "I will no longer trust my safety to the mercy of the elements.—I have fixed upon the borders of Paradise, where I am resolved to spend the remainder of my days in peace, and where I shall wait with tranquillity the period of my death."—Upon his brother's requesting him to explain himself, he led him to Montrieu, situated in a deep valley, embosomed with wood, whence issued a multitude of rivulets.—The charms of the surrounding scenery, and the awful silence of the spot, so calculated for retirement, induce the latter to follow the example of his brother, and having sold their estates, they founded the order of Carthusians, and gave themselves up to meditation and devotion.

THE FEMALE TOURISTS;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

(Continued from page 279.)

LETTER VII.

ISABEL TO HENRIETTA.

OUR ride was a remarkably pleasant one; the road lay round the side of a hill, and afforded on one side a view of a beautiful and fertile valley, through which a branch of the Ouse pursues a serpentine direction. The house, which was the object of our excursion, is neither tasteful, nor magnificent; and the furniture is scarcely better than is to be seen in the mansions of private gentlemen, or opulent merchants, but the grounds are laid out to advantage, and are certainly admirable; I was, however, amply gratified by the sight of a fine collection of paintings, many of which are originals; and, with very few exceptions, I may say that they are all most exquisitely done: the family portraits possess more interest than such pieces usually excite; for beauty seems an heir loom in this family: one in particular drew my attention, as a whimsical story is attached to it: this represents a young lady, of engaging appearance, whom our Cicerone called Lady Penelope Gage, surrounded by the portraits of her four husbands; to all of whom, it is said, she promised her hand. They were all suitors at the same time; and she subsequently kept her word with them by marrying the four in succession. The different aspects of these cavaliers are strikingly pourtrayed, and expressive of such different characters as would afford no indifferent groundwork for a modern romance in the hands of a skillful novelist. For the truth of the tale, I cannot pretend to

vouch; nor can I learn any of the particulars of this extraordinary history. I have searched the peerage to no purpose; and imagine, if the fact was as it is represented, this Lady Penelope Gage must have been a peeress in her own right, married to one of the present Lord's ancestors. Besides the paintings, there is a room full of curious prints of the Flemish and Dutch school, most capitally executed, and which afforded me the highest gratification: most of these are on ludicrous subjects, and are such faithful delineations of nature as cannot fail of the intended effect: one very small piece presented such a whimsical group of figures as amused me very much,—A man appears on an ass, with a woman behind him, playing on a fiddle; at her back is a child; and in the arms of the child a cat; if I recollect right a dog is jumping up at the side; I know that altogether it had a most grotesque appearance, and was a highly finished performance. There are also two prints of the golden age and the iron age, in the former of which the lights are so managed as to produce a very fine effect. I speak of these as they struck me; you know I am no *connoisseur*. In the entrance hall, there is a very fine large painting, the subject a wild boar hunted. It is esteemed of great value; and I could have admired it, had my feelings been out of the question.

In the evening, we had a tea party, mostly ladies; and at which nothing passed worth repeating, except a little anecdote descriptive of English curiosity and enthusiasm. The Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia being now in London, people flock from all parts of the country to catch a peep at these august personages; amongst the number was the lady who made one of our party yesterday; and her account of the pains she took to obtain the desired glimpse made me almost more than smile. Having been baffled in several attempts; and, hearing that the Emperor was going to view the

London Docks, she and another female took a hackney coach, and proceeded, at no trifling expence, for she was staying at Mary-le-bone, to the place where she fully expected to gratify her curiosity; unluckily, however, when she arrived there, she learnt that the sovereigns had left it about half an hour; and were then on their way to the Tower; to the Tower, she accordingly drove without delay: but was again too late; the Emperor had crossed London Bridge; and was proceeding through the Borough to make a tour of the bridges. Again she pursued the fugitive monarchs; but without success; at length she was so fortunate as to overtake them just as their carriages reached the Hotel; and had the infinite satisfaction of catching a momentary view of their backs, after having passed nine hours without food; and having to pay about five and twenty shillings for coach-hire; not having made agreement with the coachman for time, instead of distance. The lady, however, did not appear at all mortified, or ashamed of her wild goose chace, but repeats it as a matter of exultation among her less fortunate acquaintance, who, I really believe, envy her the gratification obtained with such difficulty.

I cannot say that the conversation here affords me much pleasure; literature is a subject that the men and women are almost equally strangers to; indeed so little delight do they take in reading, that there is not a good library in the town, except a subscription one; and to that most of the members affix their names more through ostentation than any desire to peruse the books; several of the subscribers I have been assured have never taken a volume from the shelves since they belonged to it. I hope you will not think me unpardonably severe in these observations, if I am, I can only make amends by paying a greater compliment to their hearts than to their heads; for, with all this neglect of literature and the fine arts,

they perform acts of charity and benevolence that I shall take the greatest pleasure in enumerating; and the poorer class are so well treated in general as to render them honest, industrious, and orderly; indeed so few are the instances of robbery, or violence, that the inhabitants frequently retire to rest without taking any precaution to secure their premises; poultry and fruit are sometimes stolen, but suspicion mostly rests on the soldiers quartered here; the peace, however, will probably render them rather more apprehensive; especially of highway robbery. Among the charitable institutions here, I must mention a newly established society which appears to me highly deserving of praise. A certain number of young ladies pay a small sum weekly, which is deposited in the hands of a treasurer, who lays it out in flannels, linen, &c. which is cut out, and distributed to the young ladies, who meet once every month at their respective houses in rotation; where they employ themselves for three hours in making up these materials into articles of apparel for poor children: each of the members has the privilege of recommending worthy objects for this juvenile charity. The young ladies are thus employed, instead of idly gossiping about, in a manner advantageous to themselves, and highly beneficial to society. To render their occupation the more agreeable, one of the members usually reads, while the others are working, from some moral, or religious book. This is called the Dorcas Society, from the good woman in the Scriptures who made garments for the poor. Such a laudable example of industry, charity, and piety, will, I hope, be followed in many other country towns.

Here is also a Free School, in which boys and girls are instructed in the Lancasterian plan. Reading, writing, arithmetic, sewing, and marking, are taught; and the treatment of the children is such as to afford no room for complaint. Besides this, I must mention a Matron's

Society, for the relief of lying-in women, wives of labourers, or poor mechanics; from which benevolent aid they enjoy comforts which their husbands could not possibly afford them. In times of scarcity, or inclement weather, subscriptions are set on foot, and liberally supported, for the purpose of supplying the poor with coals, bread, and warm clothing. Ample donations are likewise given to any distressed person, of good character, who may draw up a petition. These, with various other charities of a temporary nature, such as a fund for the wives and children of our brave soldiers and sailors who may be passing to their home, justify my saying that they are a generous and humane people.

Before I conclude this subject, I must relate one trait of delicacy and benevolence worthy of record. A respectable physician, who had once practised in this town, was, through imprudence, reduced to indigence, and, in an advanced period of life, afflicted by a calamity which is of all others the most deplorable; the total deprivation of his faculties, bodily and mental; his distressed and helpless state excited the compassion of several worthy beings who had known him in his better days; and they jointly contributed an annual sum, by which the comforts of life were continued to him without his having any knowledge of his generous benefactors, whose benevolence he enjoyed to the last hour of his existence.

All is now bustle here, occasioned by the preparations making for the dinner which is to be given to the poor on the day of thanksgiving. Some of the parishes give a separate feast in ground allotted for the purpose; that in which Mr. H. resides is to be in the garden and field of the Priory. Two or three combined parishes were to assemble on an elevated spot; where the sheep fair is usually held: this is expected to be the scene of rude sport and jollity; it will be a gratifying sight to me; but as a mere enumeration of the number of joints of meat,

loaves of bread, and plumb puddings, cannot be either interesting, or entertaining, to you, I shall content myself with the silent contemplation of the happy faces which, I make no doubt, will surround the festive board ; and for minute descriptions refer you to an English newspaper, which I will take care to send you as soon as possible.

Ever, your's,

Faithfully and affectionately,

ISABEL B—.

L O N D O N.

London is admirably situated for the purposes of trade. The most picturesque views of this great city are from the Hampstead and Highgate hills on the north, the Surrey hills on the south, and from Greenwich park on the south-east.—The last of these views is, of its kind, the finest in all the world.—There are other scenes in nature, far more beautiful and sublime, in reference to landscape ; but it is impossible to fix upon any spot in the entire globe, where the reflections, excited by a combination of objects, *created by man*, are so varied and profound ; and where the emotions, which those reflections create, are so powerful and transporting.—Here—innumerable evidences bear witness to the astonishing powers of MAN, and operate, as so many arguments, to prove the divinity of his origin. In other scenes, it is the God of Nature, that speaks to us ; in this, it is the Genius of Man.—All the wealth, that the industry of nations has gathered together, seems to be extended before us ;—and on this spot the east, the west, the south, and the north, appear to concentrate.—From the multitude of objects, presented to our sight, the idea of infinity shoots into the mind.—The first feeling is the feeling of matter ; the last feeling is the feeling of spirit. Tired of this diurnal sphere, the soul acknowledges the divinity of its origin ; it gravitates towards its centre ; it springs forward, and rests—in the bosom of the Eternal !

THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE,

BY H. FINN.

LETTER XII. (*Continued from page 272.*)

KATHERINE TO MADAME ROSENHIEM.

IN vain I sought to fly the chidings of my heart for not accepting the only opportunity afforded of beholding him, by a persuasive attempt to reconcile it to the admission of prudential reasons. My better angel suggested strong and frequent arguments against any attempt to seek an interview with, or even a single glance at the object of my daily thoughts, my nightly visions; but love, in melancholy whispers, spoke too articulate, and "Albert will depart to-morrow" seemed the only sentence my bosom could understand; the only sounds my senses would admit. The struggle was disproportionate, momentary, and decisive. At every hazard, I determined to obtain the transient, but impressive view, the last perchance mine eyes could e'er indulge in; but yet the sweetest, when true memory should multiply the single pleasure. I inhabited an apartment situated at the extremity of the building, which I had preferred, as its retirement and silence contributed to render it more congenial to my disposition. My window commanded a view of the gardens; and with a sigh I beheld them illuminated, from a consciousness that I was precluded the pleasure of joining the gay group that pervaded their interior. My regret proceeded not from the deprivation of negative pleasure that consists in the admiration of novelty in sight, or sound; concealed beneath the impervious branches of the humblest brake, and gladdened with the form, the voice of *him*, my content had been complete. Occupied by the single idea, I hastened

to a door which communicated with the frequented part of the building. It was fastened, and again my guardian genius interposed, to mar my fatal determination; but as the torrent gushes more fiercely o'er the impending barrier, it only served to add to my desire. In returning to my apartment, I recollect a small door that opened into the garden through its surrounding wall, which, by descending the stairs of the wing where I resided, and crossing the lawn, I might have ready access to; no other mode of entrance to the main apartments remained, except that which admitted the guests; and I hesitated not to follow the dictates of a blind and erring stimulus, yet irresistible as unseen. Folding a mantle round me for concealment, and shielding my face and form with precaution from the eye of curiosity, I descended the stair, listening at intervals to the distant hum of festivity: as I placed my foot upon the last step, I drew back involuntarily, lest I should encounter some watchful observer; but my fears were groundless; the allurements of duty, or pleasure, had withdrawn from solitude every being, save myself.

I crossed the space between my habitation and the garden with a quick, but uneven step. I was doomed to a second disappointment; the door was closed, and defied my every effort to force it open. I was quitting it with chagrin, when I heard the creaking of a bolt, as if it resisted the hand which sought to undraw it: trembling with apprehension at the probability of being observed at such an hour (for it was nigh the stroke of twelve) alone, and certain of detection, should I attempt to return, I suddenly sheltered myself behind the projecting trunk of a tree, that rose against the garden wall: my agitation did not prevent reflection, and the idea of events compelling the heart of truth to the vassalage of hard necessity, degrading its noblest attributes by the imposition of accident, made my frame shudder at the dilemma that might ensue. I beheld from my

concealment, a man issue from the garden ; the darkness of the night, and the distance, prevented my knowledge of more than his form ; he seemed to hesitate for some moments, then locking the door, departed towards my home. Thus foiled in my dearest wish, and finding all means to gain it hopeless, I slowly traced my way back ; but as if the torturing hand of mishap was never to be relaxed, I discovered with terror that, in my absence, the door that led to my apartment from the lawn had been locked ! Vainly, in a subdued voice, fearful of attracting attention, I called for my servant ; vainly I knocked ; all within maintained a painful, persevering silence. I heard steps approaching ; and recognized the form of him I had beheld enter from the garden ; and heard the question—" Is it the lady Katherine ?" Having replied, he advanced nearer, and proved to be a domestic in the service of the Countess. Endeavouring briefly to account for my situation at that unusual time, I framed a falsehood ; and attributing my absence from the house to a desire for the enjoyment of the evening air, concluded, that some of the servants must have unintentionally fastened the door from which I came. He calmed my fears by observing he possessed a key to procure admission to the garden ; and entering the house by that, I might easily regain my own apartment. I paused ; to venture with a man at such an unseasonable hour, and alone, appeared extremely imprudent, and dangerous ; yet to remain in the useless expectation of entering by the private door, seemed equally so ; besides, was not that man a servant to my patroness, and bound to afford me protection ? And was there not a possibility of beholding Albert ? I accepted his proffered arm ; and once more found myself before the entrance to the garden : my heart rebounded at the consummation of my ardent hopes as we entered ; but the next instant recoiled at the thought of recognition : the place, the time, my companion, all were fatal to happiness, should I be known.

The domestic seemed to understand my secret apprehensions, and assured me the gardens had been deserted some time for the ball-room by all the company. The faint expiring flashes from the variegated lamps, enabled me to steal a hasty glance at the features of my conductor; it was followed by conjectures most unfavourable; a repelling scowl deepened the gloomy expression of his countenance, and inspired my bosom with alarm; with shrinking reluctance to accompany him:—requesting me to quicken my pace, he gently compelled my lingering feet to follow, and unknowing in what direction he was guiding me, I silently hurried along the obscure paths. We soon arrived within sight of the mansion, and I eagerly directed my course to the grand entrance, hoping to pass unnoticed; but this intention the domestic opposed, on the plea that a discovery of my person must inevitably follow, and that he knew a passage (used only by the domestics) which communicated with my apartment by a nigher and a safer circuit. More anxious to evade publicity as the danger grew more great, I yielded to his advice.

We ascended a flight of steps to a balcony that extended nearly round the mansion; and fronted the ball-room. As we were passing, I observed a window that had been thrown open for the admission of air; I paused before it, and, with an enquiring eye, sought amongst its smiling inmates for him I wished to behold; no niche, no group, escaped my acute examination. My companion urged the necessity for my immediate removal from the place; but he addressed a being deaf to every object. No form answering the finished semblance imagination pictured, and persecuted by the vehement requests of the domestic, I was at last tempted to forsake the window; but, as I cast a leaving look into the room, I beheld Albert enter! Could the eagle eye of love err in its recognition! No; Ulric accompanied him; he wore the uniform, the medal of promotion; he had been absent

from my sight for years; but from waking memory not an instant; it was probably the only moment fate had allowed me to gaze on him, perhaps the last: attracted by these potent motives to remain, I became a living statue, fixed, and almost breathless. The brilliancy of the apartment enabled me to trace the slightest variation of his countenance; it appeared pale, and a melancholy shade of a heart not happy, told me the smile was assumed that replied to the observations of mirth; he seemed sad, and the plenitude of happiness forsook my heart at the knowledge. Envy, for the first time, inhabited my heart; and I coveted each form, whose hand was blessed by a contact with Albert's. His eyes wandered indifferently from one object to another; and the triflers that greeted them were passed as if they had not noticed any. Affection, vanity, and hope, exclaimed in winning accents, "Katherine, 'tis for thee those glances rove! 'tis on thee his straying thoughts are fixed!" Flattering, deceiving spirits, how dreadful was the discovery of your falsehood! Roused from his apparent reverie by the Countess, he followed her to mingle in the mazes of the dance; the elegance of his figure, the gracefulness of his movements, arrested every faculty, and added to my passion; yet when he ceased, languor and sadness usurped the seat of smiles and vivacity; again he relapsed into the man of terrors, and his vacant eye again dwelt upon variety, or nothing. As he was winding thro' the figure, he appeared to pause from sudden indisposition; and sank to the floor. My apprehensions uncontroled, betrayed themselves in a piercing shriek that passed my lips! Suddenly every eye was detached from the fallen Albert, and rested on the wretched Katherine. Thus had the very blow I so sedulously avoided, so much feared, fallen with its fullest force; what were the emotions of my soul at that moment? Language ne'er depicted feelings, ne'er suffered agony, like mine. It crushed, it deadened sense; and I fainted.—

When my eyes again recovered their wonted perception, I found, a pavillion in the garden which adjoined the mansion, sheltered me; I was in the arms of the domestic; and as I heard the words—"Fly, my lord, she recovers," thought I beheld the *Monk Michael* recede from the pavillion; but my brain was heated, and confusion shook the throne of intellect. Conscious of my alarming situation, I endeavoured to extricate myself from the arms of my conductor; but all energy was paralyzed; and the listlessness of death chained each nerve. I had suffered enough; yet the *completion* of my misery was at hand. From an inner apartment, I beheld the Countess enter, and *Albert!* I saw no more; oblivion robbed me of recollection. Why am I cursed with its restoration? But heaven will be kind; and soon I trust give back within its peaceful regions, the lost tranquillity of

KATHERINE.

LETTER XIII.

THE COUNTESS GLENFIELD TO JUAN VINDICI.

Although the years have not been few since we met, a single glance sufficed to prove I have treasured your features in my recollection with no small care. Although the tender ties once subsisting between us have been weakened by time and absence, they have not been disunited; and our late interview so strange, so unexpected, has tended to retrace them with fresh causes for a renewal of that happiness which destiny has so long deferred.

I should scarcely credit the scene I witnessed. Young Walstien, from excessive fatigue (having ridden all day to honour my *fête* by his presence) had fallen in the dance, when our attention was excited by a piercing

shriek from a female we discovered in the balcony ; who immediately disappeared. Albert soon partially recovered from his indisposition ; and I was leading him, in concert with his friend Cohenberg, into the garden, hoping the air might perfect his returning health, when we beheld in the pavillion (through which it was requisite to pass) *Katherine Rosenhem*, supported in the arms of *Juan Vindici* ! and he in the disguise of one of my domestics. What singular circumstances could have produced your meeting ? And why were you found in the society of that affected piece of rusticity ? Why effect your escape as we appeared ? These events, *Juan*, create curiosity and alarm. Where is St. Valori ? Is the hour of disclosure come ? is it near ? Remember, *Juan*, many victims must partake *my* fall. I will never sink *alone* ; the slightest suspicion of an inglorious death to me compels a companion to the scaffold ; yet I acknowledge the folly of writing thus. My friend will feel for her who ever felt for him a more than common interest ; and renew the regard he once so pleasingly professed. Pray be explicit, be ingenuous for once, and explain this mysterious scene. My domestic, who conveys this epistle to you, will receive your reply at any hour, or place, you may be pleased to name ; and believe me ever your former faithful *Genevieve*, tho' now created by your power and policy the *Countess*

GLENFIELD.

LETTER XIV.

VINDICI TO THE COUNTESS.

Vindici has no leisure to gratify the dangerous, yet idle, curiosity of women ; or the patience to particularize, at the request of a fictitious Countess. She must be satisfied with knowing, that, for the present, she is free from danger ; but her actions, words, looks, nay her very thoughts are watched, and known : she is peremptorily

commanded to dismiss the girl Katherine, the talisman which will enforce obedience is *Rome*. She will receive further secret instructions; they *must* be fulfilled, or the Countess Glenfield becomes Genevieve the courtezan.

V—

LETTER XV.

COLONEL WALDSTIEN TO ALBERT.

Vienna.

I am convinced, and thou art doubly dear; prejudice confirmed might credit the plain narrative of thy innocence; then wherefore doubt the belief of one who has known, who loves, yet commiserates thy suffering virtue. There are two solemn confessions it is impossible to avoid; one I may communicate now; 'tis that I cannot live beyond a period which is fast approaching; nay the hour is known to me, that dooms the wasting form of Waldstien to the silent mansions of the dead. Oh! that his wounded name might rest as still, and be forgotten equally as sudden; yet know, although the fatal poison of disease encroaches on my frame, and goads me on each following moment, a moment nearer to the final limit of my life, thy hand is pure from the administration; the crimson hue of, perhaps, false shame may tint the furrowed features of thy father; yet was it not the hand of Albert that imparted it. Destiny unseen, and unavoidable, has inflicted every pang, has called up every blush my bosom and my cheek endure. Why not, dear Albert, communicate personally your melancholy story? The relation of Ulrie was too full of anguish, that feared to seek relief; had the lips of my boy breathed those accents that wounded my breast at every word, I could have thrown my arms about his neck, and the contact of our bosoms might have lessened the undivided cause of sorrow. Was it to avoid the pain of mutual feeling

you hastily snatched an embrace to join the *fête*? Alas! I consented from the inconsiderate idea of compensating for an hour's deprivation of thy society by many years of social enjoyment. No; it was to shun the reproaches you imagined I intended to overwhelm you with, that induced you to fly my wishes. Cruel boy, had you remained, you had felt the censure of my tears alone, heard the voice of consolation only, and beheld me bend patiently to the lash of foul dishonour. *Dishonour!* Can the soul of Albert endure the stigma affixed to the term of Murderer? Is it not more noble to suffer death in innocence, by confronting (tho' you sink beneath their power) your calumniators than seek by dastard flight a precarious asylum from the corporeal touch of infamy, but never from its mental, unrelaxing grasp! Rather invoke the justice which pursues you than deprecate its ever hostile step. Flight is construed by the world as synonymous with fear; and fear with guilt. The soul of innocence suffers not the sentence of severity, nor loses life when life deserts mortality; 'tis crime that shudders at the body's extinction, trembles at inspection, and flies the termination of existence. The stainless mind gathers fortitude from accumulating dangers, and confronts the horrors of a glossy serpent in the shape of private malice, arrayed as public justice. For my sake, Albert, for *your own*, return quickly. An important secret rankles in my bosom; your presence can alone extract it. An oath, a dreadful oath, has hitherto sealed my secresy; but the last aspiration of existence draws on; and that period must not be burthened with the anguish of injustice towards a being entitled to more than I can bestow in love, or praise. As you respect the happiness, the little remaining happiness of an expiring father, delay not the request of

WALDSTIEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

When I revolve those charges of levity of character and inferiority of intellect with which the writers of almost every age among men have seemed ambitious to stigmatize the loveliest half of our species, my indignation is powerfully excited; and I feel irresistibly impelled to investigate the truth of so unqualified and ostentatious a decision; in the hope that, though from inability I may not perhaps wholly overturn the assertion, yet I may alleviate in some measure the weight of indiscriminate censure, and place an amiable and interesting set of beings on a more equiponderant scale with their accusers, and in a light more honourable to their characters, and far more congenial with their many mild and engaging virtues.

You will agree with me, Sir, that effects must ever be proportioned to, and altogether dependent on, their causes; and therefore, if it can be proved in the first place, that their education is generally conducted on too frivolous a plan, and that secondly, as they afterwards mingle with the world, it is the fashionable folly of men to shun every useful topic of discourse, to banish truth from their sentiments, and thus blight the bud of moral excellence before it can expand into maturity; the reproaches which, from pride and a selfish affectation of superiority, are so lavishly bestowed on the fair, will dwindle into insignificance, or recoil with more just and bitter poignancy on the heads of their accusers.

That the system of female education has long been justly the subject of much animadversion, is too generally known; and has too often engaged the attention of the ablest writers to need any further comment on my part; a few superficial, but too fascinating accomplishments being the goal which all the powers of memory, and all the inestimable treasures of reason, are too often sacrificed to attain.

But that this lamentable and original defect should entitle us arrogantly to avow that no seeds of useful knowledge, no gleam of native talent, and no foundation of solid judgement, pre-existed in the female mind (as some among us have not been ashamed to do), is as absurd as to exclaim, in the glimmer of temporary obscurity, that there never existed a sun to give light to the world.

When I behold, Sir, an agreeable woman surrounded by men breathing praises in her ear, when the whole atmosphere about her is tainted with the incense of flattery, when the tale of doubtful tendency is dressed up in colours of virtue, and a dangerous latitude of warm feelings indulged under the seductive guise of liberality of sentiment, when the foundations of virtue are thus assailed, and but ill defended by a feeble and injudicious education, I not only do not feel contempt at the judgement which may have been shaken, the delicacy which may have been blunted, or sense of right which may have been perverted, by such perseverance of attack, but my admiration is irresistibly extorted that the outworks of virtue have so long been found capable of resistance, and that the citadel has escaped explosion from the insidious sapping of the miner.

That women are more open to flattery than ourselves, I have many doubts; for who among us can with sincerity aver that the music of praise is discordant to his ear? Does not the page of history teem with the errors of potentates and kings seduced by the all-powerful magic of flattery? Ask the swarm of dependants that buzz about the tables of the great, if the bread they eat be not the hard-earned morsel, wrung from the idol they surround by the ceaseless incense of adulation? Shall women then bear the undivided imputation of vanity? Women! whose charms, whose graces, whose engaging softness, and winning affability, have such strong hold on our hearts, and claim so justly and so irresistibly the genuine tribute of

our love, our veneration, and our gratitude? The delight which they create, the complacency which they spread around us, force from us the homage of our affections; and though a secret consciousness of their boundless empire may, perhaps, occasionally break out into little tyrannies and trivial caprices, it will be found among sensible women an additional beauty in their character as being the parent of that sweetness of condescension and affability of deportment which give new lustre to their charms, and exalt our admiration of their personal into veneration for their mental qualifications.

Moreover, Sir, how many works of literary celebrity, by female hands, have been ushered into the world which afford incontestible proofs (if the light of reason and of nature be insufficient) that the minds of women, soaring above all the difficulties that surround them, and nobly victorious over all the narrow prejudices of their education, generally display a keener and more intuitive perception of moral rectitude; that their imagination is far more delicate and lively, and their judgement not less solid and correct, than those of the imperious and self-confiding cynics who would degrade them in the scale of humanity: so long as the talents of a More, a West, a Porter, and a Stael, together with those of innumerable other illustrious females, shall blaze like constellations in the firmament of literature, those rugged and unsocial beings who, in their warped and selfish egotism, would wilfully mistrust the evidence of their senses as to the equal strength and perfection of the faculties of the mind in both sexes, must henceforth be content to hear their incredulity attributed to a diseased mind, soured by pride, disappointment, and revenge; and shedding the malice it may have imbibed from private pique, and its resentment at individual neglect, over the unoffending millions of a whole species.

Having thus endeavoured briefly to rescue that lovely sex from unjust and illiberal aspersions, I shall conclude,

Sir, by exclaiming how much that infatuated, or guilty, being excites my compassion, either for his ignorance, or his prejudice, who, as he mingles with society, does not perceive innumerable instances of female excellence daily unfold themselves to his observation; who is not delighted with examples of fidelity, attachment, benevolence, modesty, and religion, in the maid, the wife, the mother, the friend, and the benefactress; and who can suppose but for a moment, that the several duties and trials of those sublime and affecting relations can be respectively discharged and supported with the most exemplary constancy, and amidst all the corrupt blandishments of society, unaided by an excellent understanding, a solid judgement, or by eminent and enlarged faculties!

Your's, &c.

May 13th, 1815. ALPHONSO.

SENECA.

It is not by the writings of the philosopher, but by the actions of the man that his real character is to be ascertained. The avarice and profligacy of Seneca are well known, as also his ambition. His cruelty to his wife cannot be sufficiently execrated. When Nero ordered him to be put to death, Paulina, alarmed at this sudden news, offered to share death with her husband. Seneca, instead of dissuading her from her purpose, invited her to it. Nero heard of Paulina's resolution to die, and sent a surgeon to bind up her veins which she had opened: so that a savage tyrant shewed more tenderness in this instance, than the husband and philosopher.

LETTERS from a MOTHER to her DAUGHTER.

(Continued from page 258.)

LETTER II.

My Dear Louisa,

In my last letter, I endeavored to direct your literary pursuits, and to enforce upon your mind the necessity for acquiring information. In my present, I purpose to give you some advice respecting your behaviour and manners in the world. You have, I doubt not, already become convinced how indispensable a suavity and propriety of manners are to an accomplished female. The greatest learning, or the highest degree of virtue, without grace and elegance, will, at best, render their possessor only a pedant, or a *good sort of woman*. *Good breeding* is but a substitute for *good nature*, and how valuable a quality that is, daily experience evinces.

As a foundation upon which you may erect a superstructure of every grace and accomplishment, I would recommend *modesty*. Modesty, my dear, is the outward expression of a pure and chaste mind; and therefore every word, every action, every gesture, every look, every part of your dress, in short, every thing by which the inward dispositions of the mind can be expressed and discovered, comes under the regulation of this virtue.

To the other sex, you must preserve a behaviour which may secure you, without offending them. You must avoid an affected shyness, or a roughness, which is unsuitable to your sex, and unnecessary to your virtue. A conduct should be pursued that may prevent freedoms, and looks that forbid without rudeness, and oblige without invitation. To attain this, you must keep a perpetual

watch over your eyes, and remember, that one careless glance gives more advantage than a hundred words. The language of the eyes is much the most significant and the most observed.

Your politeness, which is always to be preserved, must not be carried to a compliance which may betray you into irrecoverable mistakes. This French word *complaisance* has led us into much difficulty; it carries us by degrees into a certain thing called a *good sort of woman*, an easy, idle creature, that does neither good nor ill, but by chance; has no choice, but leaves that to the company she associates with.

I know it is now-a-days considered as a sign of rusticity and ignorance to allow the countenance to be an index to the mind, or to express those particular passions with which it is affected. A certain unmeaning uniformity of face is now studied and practised as the height of politeness and good breeding; or rather to have such an absolute command over our features, as to be able, on occasion, to assume any appearance; to smile when we are not pleased, and to sigh when we are not sorry; in short, to regulate our looks not by the feelings of our own minds, but by the forms of civility and good manners.

But this, my dear Louisa, is a conduct I do not recommend; for to speak truth, this refinement in modern politeness appears to me only a refinement in vice, it is a cloak to cover the vicious passions and depraved affections of a bad heart.

Though I consider modesty and reserve virtues highly essential to the female character, yet do not mistake me, while I advise you to be modest, I do not advise you to be sheepish and bashful, far from it. Modesty and sheepishness, however similar in appearance, are directly opposite in nature. A modest lady looks with a decent assurance; a sheepish lady looks abashed, and blushes at she does not know what. A modest person will never contradict the general taste of the company, unless

it be inconsistent with decency and good manners; a sheepish person will hardly contradict it when it is. The one acts from principle, the other from mere instinct; the one is guided by the rules of right reason, and is therefore consistent in her conduct, the other is guided by no rules at all, and consequently has no uniformity of character.

After all, my dear Louisa, I do not mean to recommend to you a stiff, formal, and precise behaviour; no, this is not modesty, it is prudery, which is as far removed from modesty on the one hand as coquetry is on the other. Modesty needs not a foreign gloss to set it off; it appears most amiable in its own native colours. The prude affects an appearance of more modesty than she really possesses, the coquette affects an appearance of less.

But, my dear, to sum up the whole, endeavour to possess your mind with a deep sense and sincere love of this virtue, and then look and act as nature directs. Without this, indeed, your behaviour may be composed, formal, and ceremonious, but it can never be truly and unaffectedly modest.

And now, my dear Louisa, in order that my advice may have the effect I desire, I shall avoid being tedious, and for the present shall only assure you that I am,

My dear Louisa,

Your affectionate Mother,

CORNELIA.

(To be continued.)

AN UNDISGUISED TRUTH.

"In this world," says Bishop Taylor, "men thrive by villainy; and lying and deceiving are accounted just, and to be rich is to be wise, and tyranny is honourable:—and though little thefts and petty mischiefs are interrupted by the laws, yet if a mischief become public and great, acted by princes, and effected by armies, and robberies be done by whole fleets, it is virtue and it is glory."

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

SIR WILIBERT DE WAVERLY, or the BRIDAL EVE. A Poem, by *ELIZA FRANCES*; Author of *the Rival Roses*. 24mo. 5s. Leigh, 1815.

WHEREVER it has an opportunity of exertion, curiosity is a most powerful (we had nearly said *the* most powerful) agent upon the human mind. We cannot but think, therefore, that an author errs greatly, both against himself and the public, in voluntarily depriving his productions of this spring of interest. Genius, taste, feeling, elegance, will indeed secure the attention of the *discerning few*; but curiosity acts powerfully upon all. Nay, we know more than one work that has obtained considerable celebrity, with no other merit than that this principle has been well sustained. Such being our sentiments, we are by no means in general favourable, either to the historical novel, or to the sketches of a popular author, filled up, like this before us, by another person.

Whoever sees the title of the poem which we are now considering, will immediately recollect, that in the fourth chapter of Waverly, Sir Everard is represented as relating frequently to his nephew "the deeds of Wilibert Waverly in the Holy Land; his long absence and perilous adventures; his supposed death; and his return on the evening when the betrothed of his heart had wedded the hero who had protected her from insult and oppression during his absence; the generosity with which the crusader relinquished his claims, and sought in a neighbouring cloister that peace which passeth not away." Hence the many who read merely for amusement, to be held constantly upon the rack of expectation, to "wonder, and no end of wondering find," will exchange the Poem of Miss Frances for some "Tale of Mystery and Terror." Those,

however, who read to exercise the less vulgar feelings of the soul, as well as the faculties common to all, will not, as the former, be disappointed by the *Bridal Eve*. Though they may be prepared for the principal events, yet they will find a sensibility and a softness of colouring which will at least touch the heart, though they fail to incite the ardour of curiosity. In short this production of Miss Frances is, in our opinion, more likely to advance the reputation than to fill the purse of its author: it undoubtedly possesses genius, but not the *golden genius* of a *Walter Scott*.

The *Bridal Eve* opens with the following spirited invocation.

“ Ye days when Knighthood in its glory blaz'd,
When chivalry on high his standard rais'd,
When gallant youths, in noble daring bold,
On honour's lists, a sounding name enroll'd;
To you I turn a retrospective glance;
I love the waving plume, the beaming lance,
And all that modern wisdom terms romance;— }
If 'tis romance in virtuous deeds to shine,
And add new honors to a noble line;
If 'tis romance, to shield the dame ye love,
And prize her smile, all guerdons far above;
With high-wrought fervour, every vice disdain,
Romance return! assume thy ancient reign.”

We too, like our fair author, have often sighed on contrasting ancient with modern times. We have observed with regret in the mirror of history, the British youth exchanging the lance for the tandem whip, the battles of heroes for the battles of the mob. It is said, indeed, that we are more polished than our ancestors, but is the assertion true? Would not the behaviour of our present beaux have disgraced for ever those of the tenth century? For instance, did females in those days dance together at an assembly, because the young men thought proper to

stand idle, and *quiz* them? No, women were then sought, not compelled to seek; and thus in all the *essentials* of politeness it might easily be proved that our forefathers excelled us. Even were it otherwise, that is a fatal polish which is obtained by wearing away strength and virtue; we had better for ever have remained rude, but conquering Britons than have prepared the way for foreign tyranny by adopting a foreign language, foreign manners, and foreign vices. But we must quit this too fertile theme, and return to our author.

Miss Frances seems to have pourtrayed Sir Wilibert rather as a modern than an ancient lover. An ancient lover indeed he is, in one sense, being old enough to be his mistress's father; yet this circumstance by no means causes him, as we think it should, to hasten his marriage. On the contrary, he resolves to pay a visit to the Holy Land, previously to his union with the fair Geraldine. On his voyage thither, he is captured by a corsair, and undergoes a long captivity. Even after having effected his escape, he determines to complete his perverse pilgrimage; and from his conduct so cool and philosophic, we really think he is better calculated for a cloister than a bride. No bride at all events does he obtain; for Geraldine having been taught to believe that he was either dead or faithless, is just issuing from his castle as he arrives at it, with the intention of rewarding with her hand her preserver Alwyn. *The Pilgrim*, we are informed,

" ——— mov'd to where a deep recess
Conceal'd him from the view,
And thence, attir'd in bridal dress,
The lovely dame he saw,—he knew.
The Pilgrim mark'd the bridegroom's pride
When gazing on his lovely bride;
And saw the ray of rapture fly
From Geraldine's to Alwyn's eye.
Was that the glance of ire awhile?
What strange expression in that smile!"

'Twas but remembrance, flashing o'er
The train of wrongs his heart had borne !
A smile those lips might own once more ;
But 'twas the bitter smile of scorn.
The hectic glow that cross'd his cheek,
Did aught but health or peace bespeak."

After an angry and cutting expostulation, by which Geraldine is so affected, that she resolves to give up Sir Alwyn, De Waverley heroically yields his mistress to his rival, and retires to seek a balm from the sorrows of this world, in reflecting on and preparing for another. We shall now take leave of our fair author; her poem is pleasing in its numbers, pure in its sentiments, and not seldom illuminated by the genuine rays of genius.



The FRENCH INTERPRETER, consisting of copious and familiar Conversations, &c. by FRANCIS WILLIAM BLAGDON, Esq. London, Leigh, 1815. Square 24mo. 6s. 6d. half bound.

NOTHING has been a subject of greater complaint among those who have lately visited France, than the difficulty of understanding and being understood, arising from the pronunciation of the French language. We ourselves have conversed with several persons who have last summer and autumn been in France; previous to their leaving England, they had grammatically studied the language, but they had no sooner landed at Calais than they found that, from being unacquainted with the prevailing accent and the familiar phrases, the greater part of their knowledge was useless. Whatever therefore offers to remedy these defects is certainly entitled to our notice, and if executed with judgement, to our commendation: with this impression we have opened the book before us, and perused it with attention. It would be unjust therefore on

our part, after the satisfaction which we have derived from such a perusal, did we not confess that we *highly approve* the *method* adopted by Mr. Blagdon. The work will, we have no doubt, be considered a useful and agreeable pocket companion to the traveller; and we strongly recommend it to those of our readers who are desirous of acquiring any proficiency in the colloquial part of the French language.

Our limits will not allow us to present any thing like a *bill of fare*, or a minute criticism, but we will endeavour, in a short extract, to convey some idea of the general plan.

English.	Pronunciation.	French.
Good day, sir.	Bon-g joor, mosieu.	Bonjour, monsieur.
Your servant.	Vote serviteur.	Votre serviteur.
I am your servant.	Je suee vote serviteur.	Je suis votre serviteur.
I am your's.	Je suee le votr.	Je suis le votre.
How do you do?	Komaun-g voo portay voo?	Comment vous portez vous?
Very well.	Fore biang.	Fort bien.

◆◆◆

EPITOME des AFFAIRES PUBLIQUES POUR MAI.

◆◆◆

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. SAT. 1.

LES préparatifs de guerre se poursuivent avec une promptitude extrême dans toute l'Allemagne et les Pays-Bas. Les alliés auront aussi leurs Champs de Mai. L'opinion générale est qu'ils y apparoîtront avant l'époque fixée par Bonaparte pour l'ouverture de son bizarre simulacre d'assemblée nationale.

Le Roi de Prusse a envoyé en présent à S. M. la Reine d'Angleterre, un superbe service de porcelaine de Berlin.

Le roi des Pays-Bas a accordé récemment un chartre à une compagnie de négocians pour faire exclusivement le commerce du thé avec la Chine. La durée de ce privilége est fixée à 25 ans. Le capital consistera en 8000 actions de mille florins chaque. Les affaires de la compagnie seront administrées par un bureau, composé de cinq directeurs et un secrétaire, qui s'établira à Amsterdam.

La Diète Suisse, dans sa séance du 28 Mars, a délibéré sur l'adresse des officiers des régiments Suisses qui étoient au service de France, et qui, fidèles au serment de fidélité qu'ils ont prêtés au Roi, n'ont pas voulu servir Bonaparte, et ont demandé la permission de retourner dans leur pays. La Diète a donné de justes éloges à leur probité, et a décidé qu'à leur retour, ils seroient reçus avec tous les égards possibles.

M. de Seze, eloquent et courageux, défenseur de Louis XVI. est actuellement à Londres. On sait qu'il avoit été nomé, il y a quelques mois, premier président de la cour de cassation.

Le Comte de Lynch, maire de Bordeaux, est arrivé à Londres.

Un fermier, nommé Daniel Curren, est mort récemment à Glenahiry, dans le Comté de Waterford, en Irlande, à l'âge de 102 ans. Il n'avoit cessé, que depuis environ un an, ses travaux champêtres.

Suivant un état remis à la Chambre des Communes, la taxe sur la propriété a produit, dans l'année échue, le 6 Avril, 1814, la somme de 14,502,398 liv. et un fract.

Les journaux de Paris ont annoncé que le Duc de Bedford, en allant rejoindre sa famille à Naples, avoit été attaqué par une bande de brigands, et qu'il avoit péri, ainsi que toute son escorte. Nous avons la satisfaction de pouvoir contredire ce rapport en ce qui concerne personnellement le noble Duc. Il a été annoncé hier au Marquis de Tavistock, son fils, qu'il étoit arrivé d'Italie un gentilhomme qui avoit vu, le 12 Avril, à Bologne, un aide-de-camp de Murat, et que cet officier avoit assuré que le Duc de Bedford étoit arrivé sain et sauf à Naples. Il étoit avec lui, lorsqu'il a été attaqué, et, comme lui, il n'a pas reçu la moindre blessure. Quelques-uns des domestiques du Duc ont été blessés, et deux postillons ont été tués, ainsi que les quatre gendarmes qui escortoient les voitures.

S. M. la Reine a tenu cercle le 4 Mai dans son palais à Londres. Le Prince Régent s'y est rendu à trois heures, avec une nombreuse suite. Une heure auparavant, S. M. avoit reçu le corps diplomatique, et plusieurs étrangers de distinction, au nombre desquels étoit le Comte Lynch, maire de Bordeaux. Les autres présentations ont été nombreuses, et ce lever, qui étoit le deuzième de la saison, n'a pas été moins brillant que le premier.

L'Empereur d'Autriche, et les autres monarques, devoient quitter Vienne le 12 Mai.

Chateau de Windsor, le 6 Mai. "La maladie de S. M. n'est pas diminuée; mais elle est en bonne santé, et dans une disposition d'esprit qui annonce la gaieté et le contentement." Signé par quatre médecins du Roi.

La Princesse Charlotte de Galles est allée le 6 à l'Opera Italien. S. A. R. est entrée dans la loge au moment où le premier acte finissoit. Le *God save the King* a été chanté immédiatement par tous les acteurs, l'assemblée étant debout. La Princesse a répondu à cet accueil par les saluts les plus gracieux.

Les lettres de Vienne font mention de la découverte d'un nouveau complot formé dans cette ville, et dont les ramifications s'étendoient jusqu'en Suisse. Il avoit pour objet l'enlèvement du fils de Bonaparte, et l'on présume que l'Archiduchesse Marie-Louise devoit être aussi enlevée, parceque depuis quelques jours le bruit a couru qu'elle étoit arrivée à Paris. Plus de vingt personnes ont été arrêtées à Vienne, comme ayant trempé dans ce complot.

Le maître d'hôtel du Duc de Wellington est arrivé de Paris avec l'argenterie que son Excellence avoit laissée dans cette capitale à son départ pour Vienne. Il étoit aussi porteur d'une lettre de Caulaincourt, contenant des expressions d'estime et de respect pour notre grand général.

On lit dans un article de ces journaux, datée des bords du Danube le 26 Avril, que l'Archiduchesse Marie-Louise a adressé au gouverneur de Parme une lettre, dans laquelle S. A. R. déclare qu'elle ne retournera jamais en France; et que si elle n'avoit pas un fils auquel elle a dévoué son existence, elle seroit enfermée dans un couvent pour y finir ses jours.

Les rapports officiels des succès obtenus par les généraux Autrichiens sur l'armée Napolitaine, jusqu' au 26 Avril, ont été publiés à Vienne, ainsi que les propositions d'armistice faite au nom de Murat, et les refus du feldmaréchal Bianchi.

Des symptômes de mécontentement se sont manifestés dans presque toutes les provinces de France, et même dans celles que les troupes de Bonaparte occupent en grand nombre. Les commissaires envoyés pour les pacifier, sont les objets de la haine du peuple, et il paroît que quelques-uns, tels que Decoz et Perrin des Vosges, ont été les victimes d'un juste ressentiment.

Les lettres de Bruxelles, en date du 12, continuent d'annoncer le commencement des hostilités.

Prix des Fonds du Mai 20, 3 p. c. red. 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ —3 p. c. consol 58.—4 p. c. 71 $\frac{1}{2}$.—5 p. c. Bil de Mar. 86 $\frac{1}{2}$.—Billet de Loterie 227, 15s.



THE
MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR JUNE, 1815.

WALKING DRESS.

French Spencer, full in the Back, and full Satin round the Neck, ornamented at each edge with French trimming, the top of the Sleeve with full Satin, intermixed with French trimming, middle part of the Sleeve plain, but rather full; Wrist to correspond with the top; French trimming round the Waist to suit with the Neck. Parisian Bonnet of coloured Satin, vandyked round the Crown, pucker'd Satin between, trimmed round the Crown and Front with Blond Lace; Feather to suit the Bonnet; Half Boots, Gloves, and Parasol, to correspond.

EVENING DRESS.

French Boddice made low, with beaded trimming round the neck; top of the neck ornamented with beaded trimming, the Train of Satin, double border of trimming round the Skirt, festooned and looped with Daisies, likewise daisies suspended; the Hair profusely ornamented with Flowers; Gloves, Shoes, and ornaments to correspond.



Fashionable Costume for June.

Published by L.W.H. Paynes, June 1st 1865.



THE APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE BARD'S LAMENT ON LLEWELLYN.

No more shall gladness visit these sad eyes,
Or ought arrest my bosom's tortur'd sighs ;
Come, welcome conqueror, death, in triumph come,
And lead thy captive to a willing home.
Shall such a fragile plant of earth as me
Desire to live, 'reft of its parent tree ?
Forbid it heav'n ! O ! that the mournful day
Which snatch'd my best, my noblest friend away,
Had spent its rage upon this care worn frame,
And kindly left me but an empty name !
And art thou gone, fair Cambria's only guide,
The Saxon's terror, and thy country's pride ?
Have those fleet limbs, unmatch'd by mortal pace,
Now ceas'd, alas ! to urge the rapid race ?
Shall they no more ascend Phinlimmon's height,
Or bear thee headlong thro' the ranks of fight ?
Where is that wonted arm's tremendous force
Which 'gainst the Saxons bent its deadly course ?
And where is flown that blood distilling spear,
So ably taught to glean their routed rear ?
All, all, are buried in that narrow cave
Which we, short-sighted mortals, call a grave ;
Where sleep all who of mortal race e'er sprung,
The rich, the gay, the gallant, and the young ;
And yet shall sleep, all of the future born,
Till nature to her pristine state return.
Could honor, virtue, or could valor save,
Sure then Llewellyn ne'er had found a grave.
How will the Saxons bless the death of him
'Neath whom they trembled once thro' every limb !

And not the boldest, for rich Edward's hoard,
Would ever singly dare to measure sword.
Methinks e'en now I hear their boastful strain,
For our great leader stretch'd upon the plain ;
This is the song, rais'd by a thousand cries,
Llewellyn falls, and Cambrian freedom dies.
Woe worth the hour that I should live to see
Low laid in earth the last remains of thee,
Whose arms have oft sustain'd thy infant form,
And in my bosom hid thee from the storm.
Oft have these eyes, bent on thy glowing face,
Declar'd thee blest with more than mortal grace.
How well thy noble heart could condescend
To act the patron, prince, and bosom friend !
Long shall my bleeding country mourn the day
Her dauntless hero press'd his native clay ;
The Cambrian maids, o'erwhelm'd in sad despair,
Beat their white breasts, and rend their golden hair ;
But can the deepest sorrow bring relief.
Heal up our wounds, or yet revive our Chief ?
Ah ! now a prey to death's grim king he lies,
The spirit fled to its own native skies.
Happy, thrice happy they, in early stage,
Who 'scape the troubles of advanced age ;
How blest, compar'd with mine, their lot appears
Who quit this wordly scene in early years ;
Their vigorous nerves no slow decay shall know,
Pain, sickness, grief, with a wide host of woe.
Yet happier still who like Llewellyn falls
In arduous combat for his native walls ;
Whose greatest pride on earth's the power to claim
A hero and a patriot's glorious name ;
Born high upon the circling wing of time,
His fame shall spread itself thro' every clime ;
On firmest basis stand, nor fear a fall,
Until one blank oblivion covers all.

OWEN AP OWEN.

Westville Lodge, March 10th, 1815.

ELEGY,

Occasioned by hearing the Death-Bell.

HARK! heard ye not, adown the silent vale,
The solemn watch-word! the impressive toll!
Borne on the soft wing of the evening gale,
It speaks an awful lesson to the soul!

It breathes a language man should learn to hear,
It wafts a gentle whisper from the dead;
It softly pours these accents on the ear,
To meet its God, another spirit's fled.

And shall the night-breeze bear the sacred sound—
Unfelt, unheeded, by lethargic man?
And can no moral in that voice be found—
Which points the period of life's narrow span?

Here let me pause,—intruding cares away!
Let a short season to the soul be giv'n;
Sure, where the world's rude turmoil rules the day,
Night may resign a pensive hour to heav'n.

Parent of meditation, awful night!
Thy sweet, thy calm serenity I feel;
Secure I shun the scan of human sight,
And into self and contemplation steal.

No more at interest's call, the labouring breast
Broods o'er the plans ambition's dreams may form;
"Creation sleeps!" and nature's balmy rest
Lulls into calm repose each mental storm.

Lost to the sense of every mortal care,
Wrap'd to one centre the entranced mind,
Floats on light pinions thro' the dewy air,
Spurns the low world, nor casts a look behind.

From the low confines of this meaner earth,
The soul aspiring grasps a wider field ;
Springs to the parent flame that gave it birth,
And glows with rapture it can only yield.

And dare an atom of the boundless whole—
Th' enquiring glance of admiration raise ?
Dart its bold thought beyond the barrier pole,
Presume to wonder, or attempt to praise ?

Why are these visions on the mind impress'd,
If not to lead it to the Sov'reign Cause ?
Or why those raptures fill the expanded breast,
If man is bound by fate's unerring laws ?

Th' Almighty fiat, by whose just decree
Th' ethereal spark sprung from th' eternal sire,
Stamp'd on the animated image—free,
And breath'd a portion of celestial fire.

Lift then, enfranchis'd, the impassion'd thought,
Dwell on the glories of each flaming world,
In mute devotion, range the azure vault,
And trace the planets thro' their orbits hurl'd.

Thro' plains of ether and thro' paths of 'suns,
Thro' one illimitable blaze of day,
Where every orb its course perpetual runs,
And meets harmonious its appointed ray,

The deep immeasurable fields of air,
The walks of angels, and the tracks of light,
Th' adventurous soul on ardent wings would dare,
But dull mortality retards her flight.

The boundless treasures of eternal bliss,
Drown weak imagination's baffled pow'r,
The humble mind its loftier thoughts dismiss,
But lowly admiration marks the hour.

By reason 'wilder'd, sophistry misled,
Is there on earth's wide space that gloomy man
Who sees in vain those endless glories shed,
Feels the effects, yet still denies the plan ?

Is there whom Pride and Sophistry can steel,
Whose wills inflexible refuse to bend,
Whose minds corrupted still forget to feel,
Or feeling, still the conscious truth suspend?

Forbid it heaven, and forbid it pride;
Here arrogance and folly, bow to truth,
The generous mind despairs a thought to hide,
And mean deceit avoids the breast of youth.

'Tis vice that seeks a veil, and finds it here,
Seeks it in spurning virtue's mild controul,
Plunges in doubt, and still pursued by fear
Pours the dark flood of error o'er the soul.

LORENZO.

SONNET

TO THE SETTING SUN.

HERE let me pause beneath the forest's pride,
And mark the setting sun, with purple glow,
Tinge the dark mountains, where the vapours ride,
And gild the wave that murmuring falls below.

A short farewell! bright visitant of day!
Thou wilt not slumber long on ocean's isles,
At dawn thou'lt rouse the peasant with thy ray,
And gladden nature with thy morning smiles.

And must this throbbing heart be laid at rest?
And shall the grave be my cold lonely bed,
When nature's face will be as richly drest,
And morning's beams be as profusely shed?

No;—when the long dark night of death is o'er,
Refin'd I'll burst the trammels of the tomb,
On viewless wings to happier regions soar,
To flourish in fruition's endless bloom.

J. M.

East Lothian.

VOL. I.—S. I.

2 H

LINES

Addressed to a Young Lady.

WHEN thou, my dear girl, art far, far away,
 If such should be fortune's unhallow'd decree,
 How often shall memory delighted survey
 The gay laughing moments enliven'd by thee.
 Yet judge not too real the mirth of a day
 Which wine, wit, and beauty, from sorrow may win ;
 Ah ! think not that he who is outwardly gay
 Is always as cheerful and happy within.
 For as the young rose, tho' the canker devours,
 Still fair to the careless observer appears,
 To grief oft hath hidden, in gaiety's flowers,
 The features have smil'd, tho' the heart was in tears.
 Yet, thanks to the sun-beam, when winter clouds low'r,
 That e'en for a moment illumines the sky,
 And thanks to the charms which, tho' but for an hour,
 Have sooth'd a sad bosom, too ready to sigh.

SONG, BY ORA.

E'EN in Lapland's land of snow
 Lilies spring, and roses blow ;
 E'en on Arab's desert sand
 Showers refresh the thirsty land ;
 God is present ev'ry where,
 Making ev'ry place his care,
 Looking from his throne above
 With a parent's tender love.
 Child of sorrow ! cease to weep,
 For his mercy cannot sleep ;
 Goodness, love, and care divine,
 Through the whole creation shine.
 He who marks a sparrow's fall,
 Looks with tenderness on all ;
 Child of woe ! then cease to weep,
 For his mercy cannot sleep.

Thule, March, 1815.

ORA.

SONNET.—1814.

SWEETER than cooling springs in Arab's waste,
To the poor traveller fainting as he goes,
And sweeter far than nectar to the taste,
Or to the smell the fragrance of the rose ;
Lovelier than aught that in the garden grows,
Fairer than lilies bath'd in morning dew ;
Softer than zephyr, when he softest blows,
Sporting with halcyon on the billows blue,—
So soft, so sweet, so lovely did'st thou seem,
Enchantress Hope ! to charm my youthful view ;
And were thy whispers but a passing dream,
A fairy scene that Fancy's pencil drew,
Like beauteous frost-work 'neath the solar beam,
And fleeting as the drops of morning dew ?

ORA.



SONNET.—MOONLIGHT.

O SIL'V'RY queen ! as thus thy tranquil light
Sleeps on the limpid bosom of the wave ;
As thus thy beauties bless the conscious night,
And, charm'd to peace, the winds forget to rave ;
Mine eyes with tears survey thy lovely beam,
Tho' sweet it lingers 'mid the smiles of heav'n ;
And my vex'd soul, as in some fretful dream,
All cheerless droops, by secret anguish riv'n !
For, ah ! not thus, in smooth unruffled joy,
Roll my dark years 'mid pleasure's halcyon ray !
The stern blast howls, impatient to destroy,
And mocks each gleam of laughing Hope away !
Oh ! when shall death pronounce the welcome doom
That seals my sorrows in the friendly tomb ?

13th May, 1815.

ALPHONSO.

CHARADE.

STREPHON to his Delia said—

“ Will you now, my gentle maid,
 “ Prove my first, and let me share
 “ Every joy and every care?”
 My second's made but to confine
 Precious gems from India's mine,
 Or things of less importance, fair,
 Committed into trusty care;
 My whole will tender hearts combine,
 And make the lovely Delia mine.

WED-LOCK.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To our poetical Correspondents, we have been indebted for their alacrity and display of talent in contending for our last Prize. We are now anxious to direct the genius of our prose Correspondents to the following subject—“ *The Effects of Chivalry on the dark Ages;*” for the best Essay on which (to be sent, postage paid, before the 1st. of August) it is our intention to adjudge “ *De Lolme on the English Constitution,*” handsomely bound and lettered.

We have lately experienced a melancholy disappointment in the loss of two valuable Correspondents; one from death, and the other from the most affecting indisposition (which we hope will only prove temporary); till this is supplied, the assistance of those who only occasionally, and not regularly, contribute to the work will be most thankfully received.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of a variety of favours; in our poetical department, we are rather more fastidious; and, without noticing the defects of poems sent, or wishing to discourage the authors, we shall silently decline the insertion of many pieces. Too many unfinished productions have lately been sent, from persons who neither want knowledge nor ability to render them more perfect.

We must excuse ourselves for not inserting the PORTRAIT of Mrs. ABINGTON with her Biographical Memoir, in the present Number. We are obliged to submit to “ *the Law's Delay*” for that to which we have a legal right; but the Portrait shall appear in a future Number. We trust, under these circumstances, that a PORTRAIT of MADAME DE STAEL will be equally acceptable; a MEMOIR of this celebrated Author will be given in our Number for July.

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